The Deſſert
TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 5. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1798. VOL. I.

CAROLINE COURTNEY.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our laſt.)

IN vain the daughter of Courtney pleaded her innocence. The incenſed Baron turned a deaf ear to her proteſtations, reproached her with all the vehemence of unreſtrained paſſion, and on his departure affirmed, with a ſolemn oath, that not until young Fitz-Alban became no longer an object of his ſuſpicion, would he permit her to wander beyond the limits of the gallery leading from her own chamber to that of Winifred, to whoſe charge he conſigned the unoffending, and unfortunate object of his diſpleaſure.

Many revolving and mournful days paſſed away in ſorrow and confinement, before Caroline again beheld her father: but, on his next viſit his manner appeared more conſiſtent with that endearing title, than ſhe had ever before experienced. Emboldened by that manner, kneeling, ſhe ventured to implore forgiveneſs, and even to entreat a bleſſing. The Baron pauſed, and gazed upon her in expreſſive ſilence, and with a deep drawn ſigh bade her be at peace, as he himſelf wiſhed to be. Then graſping her hand, he haſtened from her preſence, while her tear-full eye followed him till he reached the ſtair-caſe, and was loſt for ever to her ſight.

His looks, his too evident agitation alarmed her; loſt in lonely muſing, the time paſſed away till the hour of midnight was given by the deep-toned bell of the caſtle clock; an unuſual weight on her mind denied the approach of ſleep. She proceeded to the gallery. The beautiful appearance of the morn engaged her attention, while the fantaſtic ſhadows its beams occaſioned, as they illumined, with viſionary light, the gothic windows of the building, for a time, relieved her boſom from extreme oppreſſion. Returning to her chamber, ſhe pauſed at the door to take another view of the gallery, when, to her aſtoniſhment, her eye glanced on a letter which lay on the floor; ſhe took it up. It was addreſſed to the Baron Courtney. Caroline pauſed upon the impropriety of examining its purport, but the ſudden and recent change ſhe had obſerved in the perſon whoſe name was on it, his perturbation, his down-caſt look, his unwonted tenderneſs, all conſpired to raiſe her curioſity, and prevail on her at length, without his knowledge or permiſſion, to peruſe a father's letter.

If, thus ſituated, Caroline might be ſaid to have infringed upon the rigid rules of honour and of duty, Caroline was ſufficiently puniſhed for her offence. The dreadful ſcroll was the work of the domeſtic Oſborne, long in the confidence of his cruel, his unprincipled maſter. Its contents might well create terror and diſmay—they were penned—by a MURDERER! In characters, but too legible, the myſtery of her mother's death was at length unfolded.

In a ſtate, little ſhort of diſtraction, ſhe threw herſelf on the floor, and bathed the letter with her tears, then riſing, ſhe determined on ſeeking her parent. She haſtened to the ſtair-caſe—her further progreſs was checked by a door barred and bolted. She recollected ſhe was a priſoner, a recollection replete with horror; again ſhe peruſed the dreadful lines—"The hand that "removed one object of your diſpleaſure, is "equally ready to execute your commands on "another. The lady Matilda is at reſt; pro-"nounce the ſentence, and the lady Caroline "ſhall offend no more."

In awful ſuſpenſe the time paſſed on, till the bell in ſullen tone announced the third hour; all was ſtill, and Caroline was abſorbed in thought; preſently ſhe heard a foot-ſtep, by its ſound approaching the door of her chamber: fear forbade utterance, and now, by the reflection of a lamp glimmering out its laſt—ſhe diſcovered, Oſborne!

Seizing her unreſiſting arm, he muttered—"Attempt to raiſe alarm, and I ſilence you forever. Go with me, but fear not. You may ſleep as ſoundly in Fernly Wood, lady, as others have done before you." Oſborne, on ſaying this, applied the ruffian mode of enſuring ſilence on the part of Caroline, and inſtantly proceeded to where two mules were in waiting behind Courtney Caſtle, to which ſhe was no more to return.

Through paths, ſolitary and rude as the mind can poſſibly conceive, they travelled on for ſeveral hours. At length they halted at the entrance of a cavern, ſituated deep in the entangled mazes of Fernly Wood. After pacing numberleſs intricate and gloomy windings, their courſe was ſtopped by an iron door, of vaſt dimenſions. "Now lady," exclaimed Oſborne, in an exulting tone, "You find yourſelf where human aid can never reach you, and from whence flight is impoſſible." Saying this, he applied his lips to a hollow tube, fixed in the door, and ſounded a ſignal to thoſe on the other ſide.

Preſently a loud and continued ſhout expreſſive of riot and revelry, aſſailed the ſtartled ear of Caroline, who now, recovering from a ſtupor, ſhe was ſeized with on her departure from the caſtle, and, from deſpair, collecting fortitude, ſhe turned to her ſavage conductor and ſaid, "On this ſide of your dread abode let inſtant "death terminate my horrors!"

Before Oſborne could reply, the door by means of a ſpring, ſuddenly opened, and the glare of numerous and diſtant torches illumined the cavern.

Oſborne conducted, or rather forced Caroline to a ſeat at a board, liberally ſupplied with the varieties of luxury and intemperance, and at which were placed a party of banditti At the call of their captain they inſtantly aroſe and filled each his goblet to *The fair ſtranger*. This ceremony was ſucceeded by loud and repeated acclamations, while the ſhaggy pillars, which ſupported the ample roof of the cavern, ſhook to the ſhouts of its ferocious inmates.

Remaining ſtedfaſt in her refuſal to partake of the banquet, Oſborne ſaid, "I would adviſe you, lady, to become reſigned to a better fate than was intended for you. By this time the Baron thinks you are no more: forget, therefore, ſuch a father, and henceforth conſider me as your protector."

"With theſe brave men I have long aſſociated. The captain and myſelf intend, before many months are paſt, to leave our places to thoſe worthy of filling them, as our ſhare alone, ariſing from plunder lately obtained, has enabled us to quit an employ in which we have hazarded our lives, and ſacrificed many. Therefore take comfort, fear no violence from any here, while I am away preſume not to queſtion, be obedient, and be happy."

This daring addreſs was received with indignation and horror. Oſborne waited not a reply, but left the cavern, and repaired to the Baron.

In a few days it was given out that the lady Caroline had died ſuddenly; funeral rites were again performed. The proud, unbending man now left alone and unbleſſed, was ſenſible that doubts exiſted in the breaſts of many, but equally well he knew that no tongue would preſume to utter them.

To return to Caroline. The recent declaration of Oſborne removed apprehenſions of inſult from the ruffian band, who now to purſue their nightly work of rapine and of murder, had left her to herſelf.

Alone, in a place too the aſpect of which was ſufficient to appal the ſtouteſt heart, ſtill fear aſſailed not that of Caroline. As ſhe looked around on the vaſtneſs of her ſubterraneous abode, and its dark and deep receſſes, her thoughts were engaged on the martyred Matilda, and in the anguiſh of her ſoul ſhe exclaimed aloud, "Look down, ſainted mother, on thy child, thy Caroline; the thought of a father prevents my ſending up the prayer to all-righteous heaven—"REVENGE A PARENT'S MURDER!

The laſt word caught up by Echo, reſounded through the cavern and its numerous windings, till it died away in awful whiſpers. Caroline remained on her knees, and liſtened to thoſe whiſpers, till ſhe nearly perſuaded herſelf they were not the effect of her own utterance. At length all was ſilent! and ſhe aroſe and wandered, abſorbed in bitter reflections, beyond the light reflected by a flame iſſuing from a large

corpulent woman, ſo perfectly anſwerable to

lamp, ſuſpended by a chain, and which, (horrid to relate!) was fed by a prepared portion of the remains of unhappy objects who had fallen beneath the hand of aſſaſſins! remorſeleſs wretches, who had yet ſuffered no one to eſcape from their horrid confines. How truly dreadful that ſtage of guilt, where the perpetrator flies to its laſt enormity for only temporary ſafety, and to ſtifle but for a ſeaſon the voice of conviction.

At the extremity of one of the receſſes, her farther progreſs was impeded by a door ſecured on the outſide with ſtrong bolts; a circumſtance which roufed her from her reverie, and induced her to quit a ſpot that chilled every ſenſe with alarm. At this moment a deep ſigh, followed with "Where will my miſeries end?"—ſuggeſted an idea that the voice was that of ſome hopeleſs wretch confined for ſacrifice, and that now was the time to ſummon all her fortitude.

With a trembling hand ſhe drew the bolts, opened the yielding door, and beheld, extended on a couch, the figure of a woman, who, on Caroline's approach, buried her countenance in the pillow, uttered a ſhriek, and cried "Leave me! inhuman monſter, leave! The night flame ſtill exiſts, and loathed dawn is yet far diſtant."—Caroline knew the accents, and ſunk down by the ſide of Matilda!

[To be concluded in our next.]"

THE SIMILE.

I have often been at a loſs to what to compare the human mind. I am now perfectly convinced that it reſembles nothing on earth ſo much as a *Wind-Mill.*

A Wind-Mill?

Yes; the grinding is the exerciſe of the faculties; the flour is the produce of theſe; and the clapper is the repreſentative of the tongue; the machinery of the mill is ſilent unleſs ſet in motion by the wind, and genius is inactive until impelled by the breeze of paſſion.

The wind-mill, ſhattered by the ſtorm from its too exalted ſituation, ſhall repreſent the man of *ſpirit*, borne away by his tumultuous paſſion, and his air-drawn caſtles, like clouds before the wind.

The empty coxcomb, whoſe words out-run his ideas, or rather, whoſe words ſerve to ſhew he has no ideas at all, may alſo be included in the ſame ſimilitude. The mill never makes more noiſe than when it is entirely without a *griſt.*

But to go ſtill farther, the mill ſhall not only repreſent the mind of man, but it ſhall alſo include his character.

The tame, the dull and the inſipid, who glide with placid liſtleſſneſs through life, ſtand repreſented by the mill, when gently agitated by a ſouthern breeze.

The *malevoli*, who whirl with buſy anxiouſneſs through every ſcene, only to deſtroy the peace, and grind the hearts, of thoſe with whom they converſe, will find their repreſentative in the mill, when ſtrongly agitated by the northern winds

The pernicious eaſtern gale, acting upon the mill, and blaſting every thing as it paſſes, ſhall typify the ſullen, the diſcontented, and the moroſe; while the weſtern breeze, loaded with health and fragrance, temperate and beneficient, ſhall repreſent the generous and humane.

The mill alſo——but it is neceſſary to remember a ſimile may be carried too far.

ANTIPATHIES.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
"Some that are mad, if they behold a cat;
"——————————for affections
"Maſters of paſſion, ſway it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loaths." *Shakeſpeare's M. of Venice*

UNDER this article it is our intention merely to relate ſome very remarkable antipathies, and not to inquire into their cauſes, that being a ſubject which we muſt leave to the more profound ſcholars.

A lady, a native of France, would faint on ſeeing boiled lobſters. Some other perſons of the ſame country would experience the ſame inconvenience from the ſmell of roſes, though particularly partial to the odour of jonquils and tuberoſes.

I have read of a gentleman who would fall into convulſions at the ſight of a carp.

Eraſmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had ſuch an averſion to fiſh, that the ſmell of it gave him a fever.

Ambroſe Pare mentions a gentlemen, who never could ſee an eel without fainting.

Joſeph Scaliger, and Peter Abono, never could drink milk.

Cardan was particularly diſguſted at the ſight of eggs.

Uladiſlaus, king of Poland, could not bear to ſee apples.

If an apple was ſhewn to Cheſne, ſecretary to Francis I. a prodigious quantity of blood would iſſue from his noſe.

Henry III. of France could never ſit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomberg had the ſame kind of antipathy.

A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the noſe on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the diſtance might be from him.

M. de Lancre, in his *Tableau de l' Inconſtance de toutes choſes*, gives an account of a very ſenſible man, who was ſo terrified at ſeeing an hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by ſuch an animal.

In the ſame book we find an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouſe, it would ſo terrify him, unleſs he had his ſword in his hand. M. de Lancre ſays he knew him perfectly well.

There are ſome perſons who cannot bear to ſee ſpiders, and others who eat them as a luxury.

Mr. Vangheim, a great huntſman, in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had ſufficient time, would run away, at the ſight of a roaſt pig

The philoſopher Chryſippus had ſuch an averſion to be reverenced, that if any one ſaluted him he would fall down.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would ſwoon on hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool.

A NUT.

A young ſophimore, more notorious for his amours than his attention to the muſes, courted a fair dame by the name of Sally Love. As ſoon as this came to his provident guardian's ears, he wrote him an affectionate letter adviſing him to quit her as ſoon as he could with honor, and then court an alliance with Sal-ſoft.

THE HUMORIST.

A young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed ſhe had beauty, except that ſhe had a bad ſet of *teeth*; very true, ſaid the firſt, "But ſhe is a fine woman *in ſpite of her teeth.*"

A gentleman, deſirous of exhibiting ſtriking proofs of his exuberant imagination and pompous language, was paying a very ſenſible and amiable young lady ſome very far fetched compliments—comparing her to the ſun in its meridian glory, and himſelf to a dim taper glimmering faintly beſide it—forgetting in the mean while to ſhow common politeneſs to the lady, by whoſe ſide he ſat *with his hat on*—Another gentlemen went up to him, and, while he lifted off his hat, ſaid, "Sir, I will *ſnuff the dim taper that it may burn the brighter.*"

One ſeeing his friend wear a threadbare cloak, aſked him, if it was not ſleepy? Why do you aſk? ſaid the other? becauſe, ſaid he, I think it has not had a *nap* theſe ſeven years.

A German officer, meeting with a gentleman in New-York, with whom he ſuppoſed himſelf very well acquainted; after ſhaking him very cordially and earneſtly by the hand, he ſtared in the gentleman's face with ſome degree of ſurpriſe, as doubtful whether he had made a miſtake in the identity of the perſon, and addreſſed him thus: *Pon my word, I tot I vil knows you; but I vil pe kill now weder it be you, or your proder; if 'tis you, I'm glad for ſee you, if its your proder, I peg your parton.*

Coal, ſaid an Engliſh gentleman the other day to a Frenchman, is ſcarce in France. It may be ſo, was the anſwer, but you muſt be convinced that at this time there is no want of *Fire* in that country.

THE MEDLEY.

"A thing of Shreds and Patches."

IT is the intereſt of every man who wiſhes to be happy himſelf to endeavour to make others ſo.—Are your endeavours unſucceſsful?—No matter, you have done your duty; and your conſcience will adminiſter conſolation to ſweeten your diſappointment.

When thoſe who are poſſeſſed of affluent fortunes, employ a conſiderable part of their wealth to relieve the diſtreſſes of their fellow-creatures, they certainly employ it in a manner truly laudable; and highly worthy of imitation. When thoſe who have but narrow incomes, and even deny themſelves many comforts which they might enjoy, in order to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, they merit a double ſhare of praiſe, becauſe they give more inconteſtable proofs of their philanthrophy and benevolence. The mere liberality of the hand does not abſolutely denote the generoſity of the mind. True generoſity does not depend ſo much upon the gift, as upon the feelings of the giver. Wealth and generoſity are by no means incompatible, but a man may have a large ſtore of the former in his poſſeſſion, without a grain of the latter in his compoſition; by being liberal we may acquire fame; by being generous we deſerve it.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.—Lewis IX. King of France, was found inſtructing a poor kitchen boy, and being aſked why he would do ſo, anſwered, "The meaneſt have a ſoul as precious as my own, and bought with the ſame blood of Chriſt."

THE HAPPINESS OF EXPLANATION.—A Gentleman of diſtinction, in Charleſton, entertained a valet, who had formerly ſtudied ſurgery in Paris. In the act of ſhaving, the barber-ſurgeon accidentally miſtook the direction of his razor. The gentleman ſtarting up, in a paſſion, exclaims, "D——n ye, you ſcoundrel, you have *cut my chin!*" "*No, Monſieur,*" replies the *ſcientific* ſhaver, and with the moſt determined compoſure, "I have only *excoriated* the *Epidermis!*"

CATO ſeriouſly maintained, that no man could be handſome, unleſs he was virtuous. The Stoics thought they did not repreſent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the very notion of it, all *poſſible perfections*; that it was not only tranſcendantly beautiful in itſelf, but that it made the very body amiable, and baniſhed deformity in the perſon where it reſided.

HUMAN nature has its frailties, and its ſtability: perfection is not the lot of any man—he is more than mortal, who is "chaſte as ice," or "pure as ſnow."——There is a neceſſity that vice ſhould exiſt, in ſome degree; otherwiſe, we ſhould never know how to eſtimate the truly great and good character juſtly.

DIOGENES ſeeing a ſtranger in Lacedemon at great pains to prepare his matters, and decorate himſelf for an approaching feaſt-day: "Pray, Sir, ſaid he, what may you be about? D[illegible] you know that every day is a feſtival to a good mind!" [illegible] compared this world to a Temple dignified by the Deity [illegible] which man is ſo conſtituted, as to be under a moral obli[illegible] to demean himſelf with integrity, as always under the inſpection of an all-ſeeing God.

Fantaſtic hopes and feverish dreams—

And thus they cant the ſelf ſame ditty,

equal in ſize and quality to any in the
UNITED STATES.

The Dessert.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

Mr. BRADFORD.

I happened in company a few evenings since to hear this question made the subject of a very entertaining debate, viz, "Can love exist without admiration?"—The difference of opinion which prevailed, and the ingenuity of those who were concerned in the argument, attracted my attention, and led me to an enquiry, of which the following observations were the result.

I observed in the course of the conversation, that the real difference of sentiment related rather, to the precise import of the words love, and admiration; and I was led to believe, that had they been accurately defined, and their meaning clearly explained, in their own appropriate sense, a doubt with respect to their separate, independent existence, would never have arisen. I have indeed frequently observed, that abstract terms used in a general sense, have created a confusion of ideas, and given rise to disputes, attended often, with violence and heat; when had each of the parties, explained what he supposed the signification of the word to be, their ideas, and opinions would have been found exactly to accord—That I may therefore examine fairly, the relation of these two ideas, I will define what I conceive to be their proper, and original import.

Admiration then, is a degree of surprise, not amounting to astonishment, and attended with approbation and pleasure, and arises with respect to inanimate objects, from some extraordinary appearance, qualities, or construction, and with regard to persons, it is derived, from the observation of great mental endowments, superior beauty, elegance, engaging manners, or the contemplation of some great or good action.

The derivation of the word from the Latin "*ad*" and "*miror*," to wonder, shews that it must express a degree of surprise: and that this surprise is connected with pleasure, is equally evident. We admire bravery when it is exerted to save the distressed; but we are displeased, and detest it, when it tends to oppress the innocent. Courage, fortitude, and all the noble passions of the soul when raised to extremity, excite our admiration; while we view with astonishment, and horror, the malignity of the cruel, and the daring attrocity of the robber.—

Love is so various, when applied to different objects, that it can scarcely admit of a definition, which will comprehend all its species, and particularities: it may however be divided into that tenderness, which we are accustomed, by long habit, to entertain for inanimate objects; the love we feel for mankind in general; for parents, relations, friends, and the love of sexes.—

In the first of these kinds of love, we may rank the affection we feel for our country, the place of our nativity, or for an object, with which we have been conversant from our infancy. But it would hardly be contended, that this fondness necessarily implies, any degree of wonder, or admiration. A man must feel some other emotions, when after a long absence, he visits the place in which he was born; or views the cottage where he first became sensible, of the tenderness of a parent; and learned to reward the caresses of a mother, with a smile: tho' it may be situated in a wilderness, and possess nothing in itself that can please the fancy, or delight the sense. He may be delighted with again reclining, beneath a well known tree; while he beholds, the sublimest scenes in nature, and the most curious productions of art, with admiration alone.

If we consider next, that species of love, which is called general benevolence, we shall find it still more independent of admiration; we feel it for those with whom we have never been acquainted, or whose names we have never heard; but such persons certainly we never can be said to admire.

The love, which arises from the various relations of father, son, brother, sister, husband, wife, &c. is often totally unconnected with any degree of admiration. The child may reverence the parent, while he is acquainted with all the enormity of his vices. A father may drop the tear of affection, over the abandoned profligacy of a son. And a husband may love a wife, as the mother of his children, and the bride of his youth, while he is convinced of her infidelity. But in either case can any one pretend to assert, that they admire.

It remains to consider lastly, the love which exists between the sexes; a passion composed of tender affection, kindness, friendship, good will, and which involves in it, every finer feeling of the human breast; while admiration, as was before observed, is a sensation, that arises only from uncommon charms, or superior endowments. They are entirely distinguished from each other; altho' perhaps the same cause, may sometimes produce both. It is from observing their co-existence, in some particular instances I imagine, that the two words have been confounded, and often used to express the same idea. In their own appropriate sense, however, their meaning is very different, and in this sense alone, can they be made the subject of a question. Admiration is naturally excited by great powers of mind, but these may exist, without that kindness, sensibility and delicacy, that must produce love; and affection may be excited by agreeable manners, good nature and benevolence, in a person who does not possess one single quality so exalted as to claim my admiration. I may admire a set of regular features, the delicacy of the complexion, and the soft bloom of the cheek; while I look in vain for that animation, which speaks through the countenance, to the heart, and awakes the softest sensations, of kindness, affection and love:

On the other hand, where there is neither beauty nor any great briliancy of talents, to excite surprize, good nature, complacency and tender sensibility, may give birth to the finest feelings of love; and fix in the heart an affection, whose ardour and constancy, will brave the united attacks, of absence and time.

W.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE DESSERT.

Owing to the unavoidable absence from town, of the Editor, on business, and the present agitated and in a manner deserted, state of the City, on account of the prevailing epidemic, the columns of the Dessert are not enriched with so much original matter as they are wonted to be: We therefore beg the indulgence of our patrons for this and the succeeding number, after which we hope our columns will appear as usual.

ON MARRIAGE.

EVERY man who marries ought to have *three* views, viz' To live quietly and happily in the matrimonial state; firmly to establish his house according to his situation in life; and to give some gratification to his senses. The pleasure of a peaceable life ought to outweigh all the others, and the establishment of his fortune ought to be preferred before views of sensual pleasure. The temper and virtue of a wife give the first; riches, the second; and agreeableness of person, the last. But, by a misfortune, or rather a strange blindness, most people reverse this order of things, and prefer pleasure to fortune, and fortune to the happiness of life; and from thence proceed so many unhappy families among those who have only views of pleasure or interest; for pleasure glides away and extinguishes itself, either by possession, which allays desire, or by age, which destroys personal charms; and often riches take to themselves wings, and leave a man only an idol stript of the gold which constituted its value. But good sense and virtue always remain, and are not subject either to disgust of change.

Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heaven bestows on thee;
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies.

POPE.

Hall of Hymen.

When kindred souls in happy union join,
How sweet their joys, their pleasures how divine!

MARRIED,

—At Baltimore, on Tuesday the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kurtz, JACOB WAGNER, Esq. of Philadelphia, chief clerk in the Office of the department of state, to Miss RACHAEL RABORG, daughter of Christopher Raborg, of Baltimore.

—On the 9th inst. by the right Rev. Bishop White, Capt. SHAW of Baltimore, to Miss ELIZA PALMER, daughter of Mr. Thomas Palmer of this city.

—On the 8th inst. by the right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. WILLIAM HILL of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Miss ESTER DUYCHE, daughter of the Rev. Jacob Duyche late of this city.

Repository of Death.

What is't to die?—'Tis pleasure to the virtuous good,
But to the coward, or the vicious mind
'Tis torture—agony supreme.

DIED,

—On the 3d inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. GEORGE JOHNSON, of this city.

—On the 6th inst. after a lingering illness, Capt. DONALD GRANT MITCHELL of the corps of artillerists and engineers.

—On the 7th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. GALLAGHER, wife of Mr. James Gallagher, merchant of this city.

—On the 7th inst. Mr. MOSES COX, Jun. merchant of this city.

—On the 9th inst. after a lingering illness, in the forty-eight year of his age, JOSEPH HOWELL, Esq. late acting Pay-master-General of the army of the United States, and a much respected veteran of the revolutionary war.

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

particular pleasure. Curio- corpulent woman, so perfectly answerable to

FOR THE DESSERT.

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN
BY A GENTLEMAN ON BEING ASKED
"WHAT IS LOVE."

What is Love? My muſe ſhall anſwer,
And inform you if ſhe can fix.
'Tis a paſſion, 'tis a pain,
Which we cheriſh, yet complain:
'Tis a ſoft, exquiſite anguiſh,
Which delights, with which we languiſh:
Full of torments, full of joys,
Now it pleaſes, now annoys:
'Tis a reſtleſs tickling flame,
All may feel, but none can name:
'Tis a ſympathy of ſouls,
That every jarring thought controuls:
'Tis nature's child, yet full of art:
'Tis ſomething, that inflames the heart:
'Tis now a Heaven, and now a hell;
'Tis what no mortal e'er could tell:
But would you all its nature find,
Drop my verſe, and read the mind;
Or, what better ſtill, may tell it,
Look at Delia, and you feel it.

W.

FOR THE DESSERT.

THE WANDERER.

Loſt to myſelf, to fame, to glory dead,
Hapleſs to diſtant climes I careleſs roam;
My ſpirits ſunk, my love of honor fled:
A wretched exile from my native home.
The roof paternal now no more invites,
My weary footſteps, to a ſweet repoſe:
No more a father's voice, my ear delights,
Nor tenderneſs maternal ſoothes my woes.
The fruitful fields, where I ſo often ſtray'd;
Thoſe blooming meads, my earlieſt child hood knew,
The pine top'pd mountain, and the flinty glade,
Have ſunk, retiring from my longing view.
The ſtream which foaming thro' the rocky vale,
In many an eddy, form'd the trout's retreat,
No more, the ſportive wanderer ſhall aſſail,
Again to practice the well feign'd deceit.
Along its rugged, moſſy banks, no more,
In penſive ſadneſs, muſing, ſhall I ſtray:
Nor liſten to the hoarſe, tumultuous roar,
Of torrents, tumbling, thro' their rough, rude way.
No pine, high tow'ring on the mountain's edge;
Nor hemlock, trembling on the giddy verges;
Nor humble laurels, creeping o'er the ledge;
Nor darkening elms, their ſhadows ſpreading large:
Nor yet the lawn, nor gently purling rill,
With lucid current, winding thro' the glade:
Where village boys, oft place the whirling mill,
And ſhortful in its limpid channel wade:
These can no more, ſalute my gladden'd eyes;
Dear native ſcenes, of innocence, and eaſe:
But yet in memory, ſhall ye often riſe,
With fond regret, and mournfully ſhall pleaſe.
But 'tis not abſence only, wrecks my peace,
Exile alone I cheerfully could bear:
But other pangs, that never know to ceaſe,
Afflict the wanderer, and excite the tear.
Such pangs as love without a hope inſpires,
The keeneſt torture of confirm'd deſpair,
With cruel anguiſh, all my boſom fires,
And loads with miſery, more than I can bear.
Condemn'd to gloomy ſilence, I repine,
And waſte my moaning, on the unconſcious air:
'Till heaven commands, exiſtence, to reſign,
And loſe with life, remembrance of the fair.
For never ſhall ſhe know the griefs I feel;
A tale like mine, ſhe never ought to hear;
To gain her pity, I would not reveal
Sorrows, which claim the tribute of a tear.
But from her charms remote, unknown I'll live,
And ſeek in rural ſcenes and ſhades, relief;
Abſence, and time, their friendly aid ſhall give;
And kind forgetfulneſs, aſſuage my grief.
To that kind plenty Providence has given,
I'll own each ſon of ſorrow for an heir:
And like the proxy, of all bounteous heaven,
Will ſoften miſery, and will wipe the tear.

W.

FOR THE DESSERT.

TO MARIA.

Welcome! Maria, to this lonely grove
Sacred to virtue, innocence, and peace
Here ariel ſongſters chaunt their notes of love
And bid the mind's tumultuous paſſion's ceaſe,
Here ſoothe thy care, and here thy woes forego,
Thy breaſt the ſeat of roſeate happineſs,
With true content thy bliſsful face ſhall glow
And no ſad thoughts thy gentle heart diſtreſs.
But ſhould misfortunes ever be thy lot,
Ah! guard thy breaſt againſt the fiend *deſpair*;
With me retire to ſome ſequeſter'd cot,
Our daily toils, our humble labours ſhare.

EDWIN.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

When, gently ſwelling from the genial root,
The buds of balmy Spring begin to ſhoot.
The eye, inquiſitive, from day to day,
Obſerves the progreſs of the ſolar ray;
And, as the warmth, and vernal airs inſpire,
The leaf, expanding, glows with rich attire:
The inſect tribes, upon its gloſſy veſt,
Their hours of paſtime o'er, return to reſt,
Depoſe their eggs, in velvet ſafety lie,
And nature fully ſatiate, buzz, and die.
Thus we, poor actors, on this tranſient ſtage,
Paſs a ſhort interval from youth to age;
Can ſcarcely con our mortal leſſon o'er,
Before we languiſh, ſigh, and are no more.

THE ROSE.

SWEET child of Summer! balmy Roſe! 'tis thine,
To perfume, far and wide, the genial air,
To deck with ſweets the Hymenial ſhrine,
And make the lovely bride appear more fair.
Thy nat'ral rouge infuſe on either cheek;
On either lip thy vermeil tints impoſe,
That crimſon bashfulneſs with health may ſpeak,
And lillies join in contact with the roſe,
And, ſure, that union muſt be deem'd divine,
When, on one face, ſuch rival beauties ſhine.

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Auguſt 11.

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